THE UNDERGRADUATE.

VOL. XXI. MIDDLEBURY, VT., JANUARY, 1896. No. 4.

THE UNDERGRADUATE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING COLLEGE YEAR.

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One College Year, - - - - - $1.00
Single Copies, - - - - - - 12

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The UNDERGRADUATE is constantly on sale at Marshall's Book store or may be obtained of the business manager.

EDITORS' TABLE.

IT is a well-known fact that people are much more enthusiastic in clamoring for a benefit than they are in using said benefit when they get it.

Our gymnasium may not be large enough for a base ball diamond, nor even a game of basket ball, but it is large enough to give the students plenty of healthy exercise. Why it isn't more used is a standing problem. It is well equipped, well regulated and well cared for. What more does a student want than room to use his muscles and something to use them on? In ordinary college work a student does not get the exercise requisite for good health. These walks up and down the streets of the classic village are not enough to keep one in good physical trim, however much indulged in.

One does not necessarily belong to an athletic team to be strong and vigorous in young manhood. He can usually find enough ways in the summer months to keep his body in good conditton to do good class work, but during our long winters this is practically impossible out of doors.

It seems that with the addi ions to the gymnasium the patronage has become correspondingly less, and no doubt when we have still more facilities no one will ever think of entering the gymnasium. With what we now have, and with the bath rooms adjacent, there is no reason why the students should complain of poor health and mental inactivity. If some of this laziness and inertia could be shaken off, the college could continue to improve our gymnasium to some purpose.

WE are glad to publish this month an interesting article by a loyal Middlebury alumnus. Would there were more such contributors. The UNDERGRADUATE aims to interest the alumni, and nothing seems to please alumnus or undergraduate more than to read such testimonials as these from Middlebury graduates.

Every one who knows anything of Middlebury college knows that undergraduates point with the greatest pride to the history of the college. They are proud of the college as it is to-day, with all its modern improvements and methods; they feel that there is no reason why the four years spent here should not be a sure stepping stone to success and a sound education.

But when they look back and see what the graduates of former years have made of their labors here and consider how scant the advantages were as compared with those of to day, they realize that if they do not profit by their increased opportunities it must be their own fault. Alumni, remember that by such contributions as these you not only add much to the paper for alumni readers, but that the students here now feel more than ever that when they go out into life they must keep up their loyalty for their Alma Mater, not only in heart but in deed.

THE lecture course has now begun and the size of audience which listened to our first lecture, Jan. 17, testified to the appreciation of last year's course.

The most of these lectures are essentially different from the so called "popular lectures" That is, they are more adapted to college men and the needs of college men. We appreciate the many good "talks" —almost lectures—which some of our professors give us in the class room. Most of these lectures are for the same effect, to instruct as well as please, and although the students do not make up the entire audidience, the lecture course is particularly for the students. And yet it pays any one who wishes to learn, and who is interested in higher education, to attend these lectures. They are one feature of college training which will soon become as indispensable as any part of the curriculum, and well deserve the attention and attendance which have resulted.

THE college museum, which has been the depository of much of interest and value for years, but the contents of it are perhaps not so generally known as they ought to be. We hope to be able to publish in the February number a descriptive article, telling something of its treasures and how to appreciate them.

LITERARY.

A SERMON ON EDUCATION.

For, of course, since a parson writes it, it must be a sermon. I take my text from W. B. Dunton's article in the December UNDERGRADUATE, "A Defence of the Small College against the Large." He says, "There is to-day a growing tendency . . . to look down on the small college as compared with the large one."

From '77 to '98 is a far cry, but this same tendency was as prominent in my day as it is now. And I presume it was the same in '40 or earlier. When I was a student, and knew no better, I thought that Middlebury was as good as any college. Now that I am old and have had much experience, I think the same thing. Middlebury may not be able to collect a team of giants for athletic contests, but it can provide for good all-around physical training, and, to put it mildly, I think the culture of athletics is over-done in some of the larger colleges. Also some other things not favorable to the best development of youth. According to Professor G. W. Gile, these are among the most pressing problems of modern education: athletics, electives, luxurious accommodations, and the higher education of women. Perhaps Middlebury has settled this last as well as any institution.

In my judgment one of the most important considerations in any such comparison is the personality of instruction. It is in a good many other relations, and I would as soon resign my pulpit in favor of a phonograph as to suppose that some of the procrustean systems represent the culmination of educational progress. Some married friends of mine, who were fellow students with me at Black River Academy, have some children who are now from sixteen to eighteen years old. We all live now in a State where money is poured out like water for educational purposes, but sometimes we yearn for the old days and personal methods of B. R. A, which I found continued on a higher plane at Middlebury. The other day the mother wrote to me: "The trouble is with the children, they have ideas, but in the present system of school rush and force, they are crushed and withered, and all originality is sacrificed at the expense of the machine system." Publish it not in Gath, but I think so, too, and often long for simpler methods and personal acquaintance with instructors as in the old days at Middlebury. And the effort to do so many things in these later days has brought about what I have called the grasshopper system of education, which seems to me to be specially lacking in anything like true and steady discipline.

After leaving college my first chance of comparing my training with the work done in the larger colleges was in the theological seminary. Of course it is not just to estimate the work of a college by any particular examples, but at any rate I soon felt I had been trained in Greek better than many of my classmates. Indeed, there were some of them who seemed never to have so much as heard whether there be any second aorist. Hear, then, the conclusion of the whole matter, a small college with good instructors is the best place for thorough work.

JOHN MERVIN HULL, '77.

THE COCOA-PALM OF MICRONESIA.

[Proctor and Gamble and various others have doubtless kept the public well informed about "The Cocoanut at Home," but as this contribution is by an eye-witness it may be of more interest than what we have formerly read on the subject.—ED.]

If you care to listen to a somewhat rambling talk which does not pretend to be at all scientific, about

the cocoanut and the wonderful tree on which it grows, come with me to the coral islands of Micronesia, in the midst of the Pacific, the home of the cocoa-palm.

After a long and tedious ocean voyage on our beloved missionary ship, the *Morning Star*, we hear the welcome cry, "Land ho!" With a thrill of joy we rush on deck to see if the good news is really true, and to catch the first glimpse of one of the most wonderful of Nature's works—a coral island. "But where is the land?" you say, for apparently there is nothing in sight but the same broad expanse of water that has been our only view for weeks. Look again! do you see that delicate fringe on the western horizon? That fringe is the tops of the cocoanut trees of *Ebon*.

In a few hours we see the natives coming out in their canoes to welcome us. They rush on board with *ni* to sell. These are the young cocoanuts, and are a creamy white in color, very unlike the dark brown ripe ones which are to be found on the fruit stands in our own country. In one end of the shell are three indentations, one of which is so soft that we can open it with the thumb nail. This contains the embryo of the nut. On the *waini*, or ripe nuts, these indentations may, with the aid of the imagination, be made to resemble the eyes and mouth of a man's face. In fact, this resemblance is so strong that on some of the islands there is a tradition that man originated from a cocoanut.

But let us now open one of the *ni*, and have a drink of the delicious cocoanut water, sometimes incorrectly called cocoanut milk, which has very much the appearance of lemonade. You say you don't like it? Perhaps not, but you had better try it, for it is as different from the water of the old cocoanuts to which you have been accustomed as sweet milk is from sour. A more refreshing drink would be hard to find than the water from these cocoanuts, and I think you will agree with me when once you have tasted it.

We will now break the nut in two. The meat is soft like a custard, and can be eaten with a spoon. For spoons we break off pieces of the thin shell.

One of the natives has requested us to go ashore with him. His name, by the way, is *Nierik*, which means "Little Cocoanut." As we go let me call your attention to the canoe. Notice how curiously it is put together—tied with cocoanut cord instead of being nailed. This cord is made from the tough fibres of the outer husk of the nut. It is very strong and is used by the natives for sail rigging, fish lines, and, in fact, for everything for which cord is needed. The cocoanut matting, which you have often seen, is made from the same material as the cord.

As we near the shore you will be struck with the peculiar appearance of the individual cocoanut trees, so unlike our own forest trees. They might be said to resemble immense feather dusters. The cocoa-palm, like other palms, is endogenous. The leaves, some of which are twenty feet long, are all in a huge tuft at the top of the tree, for, as the new leaves grow out the old ones fall, leaving a scar on the trunk. The trunk itself never becomes any larger than when it first springs from the ground.

By this time we have reached the shore. Cocoanut shells and husks are scattered everywhere. The former make excellent fuel, and are also used by the natives for dishes. Pieces of the husks are frequently used for scrubbing brushes.

Let us watch that boy climbing a cocoanut tree. He puts his arms around the tree and then bracing the bottoms of his feet (the natives are always barefoot) against the trunk, he literally walks up the tree. I do not imagine any of our Middlebury athletes could climb to the top of a straight tree trunk sixty feet tall in that way, but he can. The men, less nimble than the boys, tie their ankles together to enable them to brace their feet more firmly against the tree. They usually cut notches in the trees they climb most frequently.

But what is he bringing down in that cocoanut shell? Toddy—won't you have a drink? It is real good, sweeter than maple sap boiled down half. If it goes against your conscience to call it toddy, you may call it by its native name, *jikars*, or simply cocoanut sap, for that is what it is. Yes, it does ferment after it is a few hours old, and in a few days it becomes quite intoxicating, when the natives of this island consider it no longer fit to drink, though on some other islands the people use it as an intoxicant. But, fresh from the tree, I assure you it is perfectly sweet and harmless.

This sap is obtained from the spadix, on which the fruit is developed, and which is encased in a thick spathe when it first starts out from the terminal bud. This spathe splits open on one side when the flower buds begin to expand. The natives wind this spadix tightly with cocoanut cord to prevent the spathe from

opening; then they cut off a thin slice from the top, tie this end down to one of the leaves, and hang a cocoanut shell under it to catch the sap. About a quart of sap will run, then they pare off another slice, continuing the process until what would have become a bunch of cocoanuts has been cut away and, as it were, bled to death. If a fresh cut is made three times a day it will last about fifteen days, when another will be ready to cut.

You have doubtless heard of cocoanut oil, and would be interested to learn how it is manufactured by the natives. The first process is to *raniki* the nuts, i. e., to grate the meats out of them with a piece of iron, filed at one end into sharp teeth, and fastened at the other end to a block of wood on which the native sits. He takes the *waini*, which have been broken in two, and scrapes them over the end of the *raniki*. The grated meat is then placed in the upper end of a long trough and exposed to the sun, care being taken to keep out the rain. The oil is drawn from the meat by the heat of the sun and runs down to the lower end of the trough, where it may be dipped out. A very strong and disagreeable odor accompanies this process. The natives make less oil than formerly, since a way has been invented to make it by machinery, so they dry the meats and sell them to foreign traders. Dried cocoanuts are the *cobra* of commerce. The natives use the oil for light, burning it in an open lamp; and in their heathen state it formed an important article of clothing, being worn on the upper part of the body in place of a shirt.

I wish I might treat you to a regular Micronesian dinner. We should meet the cocoa palm on the table in various forms. The bread would doubtless be made by using the sap as yeast, mixing it with flour while sweet and letting it ferment. We should find the inside of the terminal bud, which consists of young leaves and flower buds all wrapped together, prepared like chopped cabbage. This is an expensive luxury, however, since it destroys the life of the tree to cut off this bud. For dessert we should have some kind of pudding with cocoanut milk on it. This is obtained by adding water to the grated meat of the cocoanut and then pressing it through a strainer cloth. The same cow that furnishes the milk is also kind enough to furnish a strainer, for in the spathe that covers the flower buds the fibres are so interwoven as to render it an excellent substitute for coarse cloth.

Now, before we leave this island I want you to notice the glittering foliage of all the tropical trees, and especially of the cocoa-palms. The beauty of a corn field sparkling and gleaming with dew drops is nothing compared with the dazzling brilliancy of this tropical foliage. If the palms of Palestine were like these, the multitudes ot Jerusalem could not have found a better emblem of victory with which to meet their King in the triumphal entry.

The cocoa-palm reminds one of the "tree of life," which bore twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month, for it has no seasons, there being buds, flowers and fruit in all stages of growth on the same tree at the same time. The natives depend mainly on it for food, for everything else, even the fish, has its seasons; so to them it is truly a "tree of life."

JOHN R. WHITNEY, '99.

FROM CO-EDUCATIONAL VIEW.

What a delight to feel yourself spinning lightly over the frozen ground! What an invigorating influence has the keen, cold wind striking upon your face! What fun to see men, maidens and children scurrying to get out of the path of your double runner! What an ungovernable impulse to laugh and shout as you sway from side to side, and grasp in vain for hat and muff.

Ah, yes! all this is pleasure; the very essence of pleasure to some, but like all other things, there is another view to be taken of it.

* * * * * * *

It is just at dusk. You are hurrying as fast as possible to get home to supper. With a small library of books in one hand, some paper tucked securely under the arm, two pencils reposing in your button holes, and your dress gathered out of harm's way with your free hand, you arrive at the top of the hill. How smooth and delightful it looks! But you see and understand this deceitful apperance. You know that it requires more than the courage of a Napoleon to descend its icy surface. You even have a wild longing to change places with Washington when crossing the Delaware. Summoning up the spirits of all the dead heroes to help you, recalling the most thrilling parts of Cooper's works for aid, you commence the descent.

Slowly and carefully you creep, passing one familiar object after another. Now tenderly grasping air for support, now standing like a Spartan with your feet firmly fixed, ready to defy any and every one who shall dare to assert that your attitudes have not all been easy and graceful.

You breathe more easily, for you are nearly at the middle of the hill, but there is still a slight descent, and a curve to round. Just as you feel that a straw's weight would overcome you, a ton's weight, seemingly, comes. A shrill cry causes you to stop, a whizzing, rushing sound causes you to jump, knowing nothing, feeling nothing, only a mad desire to get out of the way of that awful rushing sound. You find that your jump has been against a tree and reaction has occurred, leaving you prone. You gasp, will that awful thing go over you? With a mighty effort you push yourself just a little to one side. There it is, very near—is here—has gone. The laughter of the occupants still jars unpleasantly upon your joyless ears. Slowly, disgustedly, you lift yourself up, and as you look after the traverse, with its freight of merry ones, you try to remember how many books you had, if you wore a hat and rubbers at all that afternoon, where you put your pencils, and if there were any embarrassing notes written upon the paper, all the while propounding the question, "Why couldn't I have been on that double runner?" As you sit reflectively chewing this quid of bitterness, supper for the time being forgotten, groping in the misty darkness for all your belongings, that old verse comes to your mind,

Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

"I DON'T KNOW."

"I don't know." How familiar that expression and how sad—when we ourselves are the speakers! With some it bursts out spontaneously like a geyser which must find vent somewhere; with others it is drawled out mournfully and slow with the sad reluctance of a confession of ignorance. But quick or slow, yet it appears, dotting a recitation like plums in an old fashioned plum pudding.

It is a habit which grows upon one. The first time we enter a recitation with a lesson unprepared and receive from the Prof. an urgent invitation to recite, we twist and wriggle and crawl and twist again, round and round the "don't know," vainly endeavoring to extricate ourselves and all the time getting deeper and deeper into the mazes of perplexity, until at last "I don't know" bursts out with a sigh of relief and we sit down in an agony of suspense, wondering whether we deceived our worthy instructor enough to get even a small share of the desired quota of ten.

But that is only the first time. The second time it comes easier and grows easier with each succeeding return, until at last we can sit back in our seat and with perfect self-possession and complete nonchalance, and with a gentle cadence like the soft music of a trickling brook, murmur, "I don't know," and simultaneously a blank appears on the professor's record book and on your face.

Indeed, the habit becomes so strong that we sometimes find ourselves saying "don't know" even when we do know, and then wonder what we ever came to college for. And we feel sure that we are not the only ones who are asking the same question.

Then let us gather our feeble resources and make one grand, bold attempt to break ourselves of this zero-producing habit, and faculty and students alike will raise a pæon of joy which will be heard in the dark places of the earth,

Yea, even in the recesses of the coal-closet.

COLLEGE VERSE.

TO AN EAGLE.

Bird of the boundless air,
Ever on pinions light
Floating and circling there
In lordly flight,

Thou, whilst the morning's glow
Reddens the ruddy sky,
Leaving the world below
In freedom fly.

When night its mantle throws
Over departing day,
Some last reflection shows
Thy lonely way.

Then as the sun's last rays
Touching with gold each hill
Show in the evening haze
Thy shadow still,

Silent as falls the snow
Down from the leaden skies,
Swiftly as from the bow
The arrow flies,

Thy form in flight descends
Straight to thy rocky nest,
Thy lofty labor ends
In lowly rest.

* * * * *

So when on every cheek
Mantles the blood of youth,
Boldly and far men seek
For right and truth.

While ruddy manhood's morn
Glows in the youthful heart
Shunning with deepest scorn
A sluggard's part,

Till these bright morning hues
Change to the evening's gray
Still restless man pursues
His fearless way.

When darkness round him lies,
  Ceasing afar to roam,
Man, like the eagle, hies
  Swift to his home.

Rest thou, O Eagle, there
  Find in thy rocky nest,
As we in Heaven share
  Eternal rest.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

A noble youth, all animate
  With vigorous, dancing blood,
Aglow the coming race to run,
  Upon the threshold stood.

An aged man and sadly bent
  Approached with faltering pace
The youth whose limbs could scarce await
  The signal for the race.

"Ave, go and do thy best," he spake,
  "The prospect golden seems,
The stones and thorns along thy path
  Appear not in thy dreams.

"Thy quivering limbs, that hardly bide
  The setting of my sun,
Will throb with many a maddening pain
  Before thy race is run."

"Old year," the blithesome youth replied,
  A glitter in his eye,
"Why cumber my untrammeled feet
  With gloomy prophecy?

"Thy course is run; full well 't was done.
  Its faults now none can mend.
Go, take thy well deserved repose,
  Contented to the end.

"Thou wouldst not have me venture forth
  With less of hope or trust,
Though, ere I reach my journey's end,
  T 'is humbled in the dust.

"This much I know; though paths of pain
  And trouble I may tread,
However dark the way below,
  There 's sunshine overhead."

The old Man bowed in still accord,
  As in the door he stood;
The Youth sped forth with might and main,
  To run the best he could.

HOW THE FRESHMEN WERE SOLD.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
For all we Sophomores had gathered then
Our beauty and our chivalry, and bright
The lights shone on fair co-eds and brave men.
O'er twenty hearts beat happily, and when
The thought, how we had fooled the Freshmen swelled
Our hearts, we smiled, then listened,—smiled again
And then in triumph, how our whole crowd yelled,
For hush! hark! a faint sound comes like a rising knell.

Did ye not hear it? Yes, the Freshman kind,
Co-eds and all are coming down the street.
On with the joke, let joy be unconfined,
No sympathy, when Sophs and Freshies meet
To bear each other off with flying feet.
But hark! the Freshman whispers reach our ear
As to each other they do oft repeat.
Then nearer, clearer, deadlier words we hear:
"Don't grab a man until he mounts the train, d'ye hear?"

Around the station restlessly we stood
And looked in vain to see the train draw nigh
That from the Freshies' eyes the blinding hood
Then raised might be, and to the evening sky
We Sophomores could give our mighty cry,
And the laughter of the Freshmen then could quell.
The train came not, so one fair maid did well
In asking if the train would be on time.
And then she learned of news which she did quickly tell.

Ah! then and there was whispering to and fro
And giggling sounds, and laughter mid the crowd,
And cheeks all flushed where a short time ago,
Of looks of fright, well feigned, we had been proud.
The time had come when it would be allowed
To tell the Freshmen all about their fix,
And that the "babies" truly might be cowed.
To help us were some men of '96,
Who with us Sophomores, to cheer with us, did mix.

For we had learned through art of our fair maid
That two long hours must pass before the car
On which the base of our whole joke was laid
Would come to Midd—for in the North afar
A wreck detained it—but that did not mar
The pleasure that we felt. So home we go
And shout for '98 our "Rah! rah! rah!"
While gaze the Freshmen, rallying for a blow
And whispering as they gaze—"The '98's—they go."

And wild and high our "Goodbye, Freshmen" rose
And echoed through the town, and round the hills,
And woke the neighbors from their sweet repose,
And how each heart of ours with pleasure thrills
As now we think of all that doubtless fills
The heart of every Freshman. Then more cheers
We give, and every cheer we give instills
In Freshmen hearts, when e'er it fills their ears,
That they to us will pay all back in future years.

Thus '98 the Freshman party leaves;
The Freshmen, wondering, saw them homeward pass,
Grieving, if one who's sold so bad e'er grieves
Over the fast retreating braves, alas!
And then and there, they vow, tho' green as grass
They looked and acted in this instance, they
Will cling together as a solid mass
And never to another give away
How sadly '99 got sold upon that day.

Last noon saw Freshmen full of lusty life,
Last eve the streets beheld them wildly gay,
The midnight found them "sold," deprived of strife,
The noon, their downcast glances,—but the day
Brought forth the truth to all in some strange way
And now we all to you the truth relate,
For we have learned that telling truth doth pay,
And future years will tell to all their fate—
And then will '99 prove less than '98.

'98.

HOW IT BEGAN.

There's a rumor of war afloat, they say,
Gunboats preparing to blaze away
And roil the ocean with human gore,
As they did in the glorious days of yore.
It appears that our venerable Uncle Sam,
Wont to be docile and meek as a lamb,
Has in his possession an eagle; a bird
Of whose fame the ends of the earth have heard.
By a great deal of trouble, and outlay of wealth,
An official is furnished to see to his health,
The present bird-guardian, Grover, by name,
Had succeeded in making the eagle tame,
Until one delightfully rainy day,
Grover went away fishing, to Buzzards Bay
And a lion, bearing the brand of J. B.
Disturbed the eagle's tranquility.
He pawed the ground, and lashed his tail,
With a view toward making the eagle quail;
But the bird, disdaining his nod and beck,
Prepared to fall on the lion's neck.
Then Grover, awakened from a dream,
By the lion's roar and the eagle's scream,
Came hastening back from Buzzards Bay,
To learn the cause of the pending fray,
And finding himself a little late,
He concluded he wouldn't arbitrate.
So, mounting a fence for a better view,
A fierce war note on his bugle blew,
And the lordly beast—the kingly bird
Had a battle royal, I have heard,
And since that episode no one knows
If U. S. and J. B. are friends or foes;
For each declares with equal might
That "he must have damages for the fight."
Grover smiles from the friendly fence,
And thinks the condition of things immense,
And no one is gifted enough to see
What will the end of these things be.

COMMUNICATIONS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE UNDERGRADUATE:

At times it seems as though we must cry Reform on this continual cry for "Reform, Reform, Reform," so uninterrupted has been this shriek for the last few weeks. But, for once more, have patience.

We know that the faculty of our college are just as great and good and wise as the faculty of any other college, and we believe that the students of Middlebury are not to be looked down upon by any other students. Since these things are so, permit a plea for change right in line with the lecture of Friday night and one of the orations of Saturday morning.

It is a mournful fact that the number of Middlebury college songs is so limited that to say that they may be counted off on one's fingers would be absolutely absurd. Then why would it not be well for every professor, alumnus and student who is at all inclined toward metrical composition (and let me say now, this means you) to flood the UNDERGRADUATE with streams of song in praise of old Midd? From now on to the first publication of this valuable paper after spring vacation would be a favorable time for such compositions; for then we may have our many new songs learned, and learned by heart, by commencement time; and we can sing them for the entertainment and edification of visitors.

Think of the pleasure, the work, the benefit of our college life here, and you need not lack for material. In fact the only thing lacking seems to be, not ability, but enthusiasm. Then let us all wake up; and after we have once opened our eyes, we shall be so delighted with the surroundings with which we thought we were familiar that college spirit and college songs and college life itself will be better and more abundant, and we shall give to our Alma Mater at least a part of the honor that is due to old Middlebury.

TO THE STUDENTS OF MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE:

The time is rapidly approaching when, in the opinion of the outside world, the former good standing of Middlebury college will be seriously lowered. We who are so actively engaged in our work here do not realize the fact, for everywhere about us are signs of growth and prosperity. We see our college in its true light, but those without see it through the light of the UNDERGRADUATE. In unison we acknowledge that this paper is not our true representative, for we all know that we have many excellent writers in college who are fully competent to compete with writers of other colleges. The editors are not to blame for the paper when the students will not contribute material. It is true that we have enough other work with which to occupy our time, but cannot we afford to sacrifice a few moment now and then for the sake of our Alma Mater? She is a Mater of whom we may well be proud, and one whose rank and reputation her sons and daughters should be willing and eager to do all in their power to maintain. It is not long that the opportunity will be given us, but while it remains, let each loyal member of old Midd. contribute at least one good article to the UNDERGRADUATE, so that we may have a paper which we will not for very shame conceal from the outside world, but rather one which we shall be proud to compare with any other college publication.

THE ANNUAL CATALOGUE.

The catalogue of the college for 1895–96 was placed in the hands of the students at the opening of the term. It is an attractive piece of work and contains several new features that add materially to its value. The first marked change appears upon the cover, where the seal of the college has been placed. This is as it should be. Heretofore the first opportunity afforded a Middlebury student to see the seal of his institution has been when he passed from the ranks of the undergraduates to the higher dignities of an alumnus, receiving his diploma as an evidence of the transition. The seal looks well on the cover and the outside appearance of the catalogue is much improved by its presence. It consists of two concentric circles; within the inner circle is an open book and the motto "Scientia et virtus", and within the rim of the outer are the words "Coll. Med. Virid. Mon." The effect of the whole is in every way pleasing and we hope the seal has come to stay.

The summary of students at the end of the class lists shows a total of 104.

In the Requirements for Admission, some changes are to be noted. In addition to the requirements previously in force for admission to the Latin-Scientific course, the following are for the first time presented:

After 1896, candidates will, in addition, be examined in either French or German, as follows:

FRENCH 1.—Ability to translate simple prose at sight. For this purpose, at least three hundred pages of text should be read. Such books as Ludovic Halevy's L'Abbe Constantin; George Sand's La Mare au Diable; van Daell's Introduction to French Authors are suggested.

FRENCH 2.—Proficiency in the elements of grammar. Whitney's French Grammar, Part I., will indicate the amount required.

GERMAN 1.—Ability to translate simple prose at sight. For this purpose, at least one hundred and fifty pages of text should be read. Such books as Volkmann's *Kleine Geschichten;* Schiller's *Der Neffe als Onkel;* Bernhardt's *Noveletten Bibliothek*, Vols. I. and II. are suggested.

GERMAN 2.—Proficiency in the elements of grammar. Whitney's Brief German Grammar will indicate the amount required.

An innovation in the Courses of Instuction will be appreciated by all desiring to know the real scope of the curriculum. It consists of a more detailed account of the work done in each study and makes of this section one of the most interesting departments of the catalogue.

In the Departments of Instruction, minor changes are to be seen here and there, as certain phases of departmental work have been modified since a year ago. An entirely rewritten department is that of Natural History, Doctor Burt outlining fully and attractively the work upon which he has entered.

Additional general information to that contained in previous catalogues is to be found in the descriptions of the various laboratories. In this connection it may not be amiss to quote the judgment of a New York scientist, a man of wide experience and international reputation, who visited the college this fall, that with its present equipment our chemical laboratory is fully equal for practical purposes, to the laboratory of any medical college in New York city. Such unsolicited judgments are gratifying; they give us more patience to wait the day when all of the laboratories, chemical and other, can be transferred to more commodious and convenient quarters.

An enlarged description of the Museum will doubtless stimulate many students to a more careful investigation of its many valuable collections. The comparative indifference of the most of us to the atttactions of the Museum has come largely, without question, from our ignorance as to what is there. This catalogue article is helpful as far as it goes, but would not a descriptive table of contents, written, at least if not printed, abundantly pay for itself?

Altogether, the catalogue gives evidence throughout of healthy growth and encouraging activity in each department of the institution—evidence gratifying to every student and alumnus of Middlebury and to her growing list of friends.

THE OPENING LECTURE.

The first lecture of the course was given in the chapel Jan. 17 by Prof. C. B. Wright of the chair of English Literature, his subject being "The Teacher's Attitude toward Poetry."

The lecturer said that the cause for keeping up an interest in our poetry was not limited to teachers, but belonged to every one. Yet it becomes the teacher's especial mission to create this interest. A teacher can not hope to accomplish anything unless he has enthusiasm. It is not sufficient to merely accomplish the work laid out in text-books. The student, in order to develop anything like enthusiasm must have an enthusiastic teacher, whatever be the study, and the instructor must have a reserve power in which

the student has full faith. It is thus with the teaching of poetry.

The majority of college students look upon verse as something effeminate and a verse writer as one in whom there must be something wrong. This can be traced in part to fitting schools where the teacher is responsible. Prose and verse stand on an equal footing, and each ought to be judged on its merits.

A great deal is said nowadays about materialism and practical benefit. There is no real connection between physical development and materialistic tendency.

There is a brain and there is a heart; each should have development. On all sides we hear of modern science, and the inventions which Bagehot spoke of twenty years ago seem every-day affairs to us now. The man whom the world wants above all others today is an inventor of cheap electric power. His fame may be assured. Popular thought grasps little, even of science. The practical father about to send a son to college wants him to study only what will be of practical benefit, that is, dollars and cents.

Popular thought is most influenced by tangible things. Science tends to disenchant and leaves everything cut and dried. So while science concerns the intellect it destroys the imagination and leaves things certainly not so picturesque, perhaps not so lovable.

We are all interested in the development of science, if we are not enthusiastic, but an application of poetry should be common to all. There is nothing scientific in the poet's descriptions, yet we get an indefinable something which science cannot hope to give us.

The lecturer spoke further by illustrating his statements with selections from Holmes, Shelley and Longfellow.

OBITUARY.

WILLIAM JONES HOPPIN, '32,

Died in Providence, R. I., Sept. 3, 1895. Mr. Hoppin was born in the same city April 21, 1813, being the oldest son of the late Thomas C. and Harriet D. Hoppin. He entered Yale College in 1828, remaining there two years and graduating at Middlebury College in 1832. He afterward received two honorary degrees from Yale. He studied law with Judge Burges a short time and then went to Harvard Law School, from which he graduated in 1835. That same year he sailed for Europe for the first time, remaining abroad some twenty months. On his return to this country in 1837 he went to New York to live and connected himself in the practice of law with the late Stephen C. Williams. He there acquired a large practice and was entrusted with many important cases, being also trustee for several large estates, including that of the late William S. Wetmore. Senator George Peabody Wetmore was his ward until attaining his majority.

Mr. Hoppin was one of the founders of the Century Club in 1846 and president for two years of the Union League Club. He was the originator of the American Art Union, one of the early trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and of the New York Society Library. He was also connected with many other useful associations of an artistic, literary and charitable nature, which brought him into intimate relations with every good work for the advancement of the metropolis. He was one of the art jurors sent to the Paris Exposition of 1867, and in 1876 was appointed by President Grant First Secretary of the United States legation at London. He remained there for ten years with Ministers Pierrepont, Welch, Lowell and Phelps. In this position he became acquainted with all the leading personages in the artistic, litereary and political life of London. Since his return to the United States in 1887, Mr. Hoppin has resided in Providence, and to the last has kept in close touch with current affairs. Although afflicted by many bodily infirmities, his mind was unclouded until the peaceful close of his life. He was never married, and out of a family of twelve brothers and sisters only three survive him. He was a member of the New York branch of the Society of the Cincinnati, being descended from families famous in colonial and revolutionary times.

One of the papers of his city in speaking of his death says: "In the death of William Jones Hoppin, Esq., which occurred in this city yesterday, the State of Rhode Island loses one of her illustrious sons, who, in a long and useful life, was always devoted to the best in art, literature and education. Descended from famous New England families, he exemplified all the virtues of his ancestors, and, although he leaves no direct descendants, his memory will long be preserved by those who had the privilege of knowing him. His kind heart, his keen intelligence and his unflinching integrity won for him a position of which all his fellow-

citizens may well be proud. As long as the Republic can produce and nourish such sons it will never be in serious danger from external foes or internal dissensions. They sustain the dignity of the nation in foreign lands and support it with their whole force when attacked by rebellious hordes."

PHILOS G. COOK, '33.

After half a century of labor in the interest of mankind in the city of Buffalo, N. Y., and vicinity, Rev. Philos G. Cook succumbed to a severe attack of pneumonia June 24, 1895. "Chaplain Cook," as he was familiarly known, was born in the town of Constable, Franklin county, N. Y., on August 10, 1807. During his early childhood, at the beginning of the war of 1812, his father's family moved from northern New York to Rutland, Vt. A few years later the family moved to Canada and settled on a farm 40 miles northwest of Montreal.

At 16 Chaplain Cook was a clerk in a Montreal hardware store. In 1827 Mr. Cook became a member of the Presbyterian church in Montreal and two years later became a member of Middlebury College. At graduation Mr. Cook was salutatorian, a marked commencement honor. During his vacations he had taught school to earn money, and he continued to teach for some time after leaving college, in order to get funds for further study at a theological seminary.

His first school was a private one for boys at Rochester, N. Y. In September, 1835, Mr. Cook became principal of the academy of Avon, but in May of the following year he accepted an invitation to go to Buffalo, N. Y., as an assistant in a large boarding school for boys in the old academy near the corner of Main and Virginia streets.

In October, 1836, Mr. Cook was elected superintendent of the First Presbyterian Sunday school and continued in that office for nine years. In the autumn of 1845 he entered upon a course at the Auburn Theological Seminary. He had married on Oct. 13, 1840, Clarissa Columbia Tottingham of Pittsford, Vt. Mr. Cook was licensed in 1848, having discharged the duties of chaplain in the State prison for a year previous. He continued as chaplain until 1851, when political changes led him to look for a church settlement. He was soon pastor of the Presbyterian church at Ludlowville, Tompkins Co., N. Y., where he remained five years.

An important era in his career was when, in March, 1856, he accepted the Western New York agency of the American Sunday School Union, settling in Buffalo, N. Y., at that time. A depot for Sunday school books was opened, and the work of canvassing the churches west of the Genesee river for funds with which to carry on the missionary work of the Sunday School Union was actively entered upon. Two and a half years later the Union dispensed with agents and closed its book depository. Mr. Cook was very soon appointed agent for the American Seamen's Friend Society, but after two years this society also dispensed with agents.

After consultation with some of the pastors and officers of the churches as to city mission work, Mr. Cook applied for a commission as Bethel missionary for carrying on city mission work. The arrangement was made in 1861.

In October, 1862, he received his chaplain's commission and joined the 94th regiment, New York Volunteers, under command of Adrian R. Root. Mr. Cook was with the regiment (company D) for three years. He shared the fortunes of war at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburgh, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Five Forks and in other engagements. As chaplain, Mr. Cook devoted himself faithfully to the physical, moral and spiritual welfare of his beloved "boys." He had a good voice and the men loved to hear him sing. Many a soldier's family has reason to be grateful to the good chaplain for his services. He was mustered out in July, 1865.

The Wells street mission, which helped to make his name famous, was begun on Sept. 17, 1865. The mission was started in a large frame building known as the Soldiers' Rest. Under Mr. Cook's devoted leadership the mission flourished. In February, 1874, the Wells street Presbyterian church was organized with a membership of 65, Mr. Cook being the stated supply under the Buffalo Presbytery.

Another phase of Chaplain Cook's labors is seen in the general Sunday school work of Western New York. In 1856 he organized the Erie County Sunday-school association, and since that time had been its secretary. During all these years, as organizer, teacher, visitor and statistician, he had labored unceasingly to increase the number and efficiency of the Sunday-schools of Erie county.

Mr. Cook helped to organize the mission school on High street and to establish the Milnor street mission. He was one of the founders of the West Side school,

which, starting about 1858 in a barn on Sixth street, was later transferred to the building on Niagara street. Out of that mission sprung the West Side Presbyterian church.

It was Chaplain Cook who first undertook to carry on organized and persistent mission work in Canal street. He was early impressed with the necessity of having a place of refuge in this district. Very soon after returning from the war he opened a reading room on Evans street. The meetings were kept up and a wide interest in reform and rescue work was aroused. Out of it all grew the Home for the Friendless.

In 1880 Mr. Cook was honored by being sent to England as a delegate to the Robert Raikes centennial.

Prior to the formation of the Charity Organization society, Mr. Cook was largely engaged in relief work, and it is a work he never laid aside. For 50 years in Buffalo he had annually visited thousands of homes. Coal and flour, provisions and clothing, in quantities quite incalculable, has he distributed. The discarded toys of the rich man's child made up the pack which he as Santa Claus carried to the children of the poor at Christmas time. His fresh-air excursion for poor children was as regular as mid-summer itself.

Mr. Cook is survived by his wife, two sons, Dr. Joseph T. and Philos G., and three daughters, Mrs. G. B. Weston, Miss Mary Cook and Miss Laura Cook.

ALUMNI NEWS.

'29. Says the Boston *Transcript:* "The Rev. Dr. Thomas Jefferson Sawyer celebrated yesterday his ninety second birthday at his home at College Hill. Dr. Sawyer's name is closely identified with the founding of Clinton Liberal Institute, St. Lawrence University and its theological school, and of Tufts College and its department of divinity. In 1845 he was placed at the head of Clinton Liberal Institute, and in 1869 he accepted the de nship of the Tufts College Divinity School, which latter office he still retains emeritus. He was born in Reading, Vt., in 1804. He entered Middlebury College at twenty, and was graduated in 1829. He went to New York in 1830, where he began his active labors in the Universalist church, which was then in its infancy."

'75. C. M. Wilds has been acting as one of the referees in a controversy over highways at Berlin, Vt.

'76. The Montreal *Star* of Jan. 11 prints an address on the Armenian question by Rev. Dr. Evans of the American Presbyterian church. It was given at a meeting assembled for the purpose of giving expression to the sympathy entertained by Montreal people for the Armenians.

'82. Clarence G. Leavenworth of Cleveland, O., was a guest of Hon. L. D. Eldredge for a short time Jan. 21. He came East last week, called by the serious illness of his father, Principal A. E. Leavenworth, and his brother, P. R., of Castleton.

'83. C. B. F. Palmer, private secretary to Col. A. F. Walker, has, with Col. Walker, gone to New York. His present address is Atchison R. R. headquarters, New York.

'83. Rev. C. M. Severance, who recently returned from Japan, spoke in the Trinity Congregational church at Neponset, Mass., Jan. 12. He gave a graphic account of Japanese life and wore a Japanese suit by way of illustration. He and his wife, both of whom have been engaged in missionary work in Japan, are spending a few weeks with relatives in Massachusetts.

'87. E. D. Howe has presented the college with his new compilations of New York State laws.

'88. Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Clift are happy over the advent of a daughter, born Jan. 15.

'88. H. W. Denio has just finished cataloguing the Kellogg-Hubbard library of Montpelier, which has about 5500 volumes, and his present address is State Library, Albany, N. Y.

'90. F. H. Button left town Jan. 21 on a business trip to Ohio. He will be away about two weeks.

'91. Prof. and Mrs. Ezra Benedict also have cause to rejoice. Baby Benedict arrived Jan. 10.

'91. Prof. and Mrs. E. C. Bryant have the congratulations of the college. A daughter was born to them Jan. 18.

'92. Prof. Alexander McDonald of St. Regis Falls, N. Y., was in town a few days ago.

'94. Miss Clark is teaching at Derby Academy, Derby, Vt.

'94. Miss King has been obliged to give up her position as governess and return home.

'94. Stanton S. Eddy has begun his second year's work at U. V. M. medical and Henry H. Seely began a course there this year.

'94. William Ernest Chapman died in South Da-

kota about Jan. 8 of pneumonia. Mr. Chapman, after graduating here, left for Running Water, S. D., where he had a position as teacher of the graded schools. He has a large circle of friends here who mourn his death. A fuller account will be given in the next issue.

'95. E. J. Fullam, who is at present traveling for his father, who has a chair manufactory, made a flying visit to the college Jan. 14.

'95. B. E. Marshall, who was home for the holidays, has returned to his work in the medical college at Washington, D. C.

'95. Geo. R. Scott visited in Middlebury during the holidays.

'95. R. O. Wooster was in town Jan. 2. He is contemplating a trip to Denver, hoping to benefit his health.

LOCALS.

Lake, '99, has been elected president of the Baptist Y. P. S. C. E.

Lamson, '96, has been chosen business manager of the Glee club.

Bristol, '98, was visited by his sisters from Vergennes, Jan. 18.

The Sophomores appear on chapel stage for the first time Feb. 1.

Lamson, '96, preached at the Baptist church Tuesday evening, the 28th.

Miss Ellen Ware of Brattleboro visited Miss Allen, '98, a few days ago.

Prof. Howard gave his lecture on "The Ideal Man" at Weybridge the 22d.

Miss Verder, '95, visited her sister, Miss Verder, '98, the 10th and 11th.

M. C. Robbins of U. V. M. '98 visited friends in college Sunday, the 12th.

Bliss, '98, preached at Ripton, Jan. 19, in exchange with Rev. C. L. Leonard.

Davis, '96, spent Sunday, the 26th, with Bristol, '98, at his home in Vergennes.

Roscoe, '96, has been elected president of the Congregational Y. P. S. C. E.

Misses Scoles, Anderson and Palmer, '99, spent Sunday at their respective homes.

Charles Noble of Pittsfield, Mass., visited his cousin, Noble, '99, a few days ago.

A course of lectures on prophecy would doubtless be much appreciated by the Freshmen.

A number of the students are attending the dancing school which began Friday evening, the 24th.

William Anderson of Mt. Hermon School visited his sister, Miss Anderson. '99. a few days recently.

Russell, Brigdham and Whitney have been appointed by the Junior class as committee on Junior exhibition.

Mrs. Herrick, Miss Norton and Misses Ada and Jennie Bristol visited Bristol, '98. Saturday, the 12th.

Rev. J. J. Noe of Rutland preached in the chapel Thursday, the 30th, which was the day of prayer for colleges.

Prof. Sanford gave an address Thursday, the 2d, at the closing exercises of the State Normal School at Castleton.

Miss Palmer, '95, of Castleton Normal School is spending her vacation at home. She returned on Monday, the 27th.

A lecture will be given Friday evening, the 31st, by Prof. Perry of Rutland Institute on "Beautiful and Historic Champlain."

Brown, '97, presided Dec. 19 at the fourth annual prize declamation contest of the Delphian society at Troy Conference Academy.

A painting of Dr. H. D Kitchel has been presented to the college and hangs on the chapel wall among the paintings of our other ex-presidents.

Among the new features at the college is the 50-candle power light which has been placed over the chapel door. It is a great improvement.

On the bulletin board, this appeared recently: "Lost, a link cuff button on the college walk. N. B., $1.00 reward for finding the missing link."

The Glee club gave a concert at Moriah, N. Y. the 24th. Cadwell, '97, gave "Old Man Jim." A good audience and an enjoyable time are reported.

Misses Anderson, Palmer, Scoles and Southwick, '99, and Messrs. Brown, '97, Roscoe and Stone, '99, spent Wednesday evening, the 15th, at the home of Miss Palmer, '99, in Weybridge.

The Freshmen and Sophomores are constantly on the alert to see when the other is to have its class supper. The Freshmen assembled the other night at

the depot intentionally to see the Sophomores off, but the Sophomores did not go.

Rev. George Palmer Tyler, D. D., died at Lansingburg, N. Y., Jan. 18, 1896. The funeral was held Monday, Jan. 20, at the Olivet Presbyterian church. Interment at Brattleboro, Vt. Rev. Mr. Tyler will be remembered as one of the former trustees of the College.

The house of Prof. G. N. Webber of Northampton, Mass., was entirely destroyed by fire a few days since. The family narrowly escaped with their lives. The house and contents were valued at $5000, and were insured for $4500. Prof. Webber will be remembered as one who for some time was associated with Middlebury College.

The following officers have been elected by the Senior class: President, Fitzpatrick; vice-president, Miss Tyler; secretary, Miss Pollard; treasurer, Goodman; historian, Williamson; toastmaster, Moore; prophet, Cutts; poet, Prentiss; orator, Lamson; base ball captain, Foster; commencement committee, Fitzpatrick, Lamson and Williamson. They voted to have a class day and also a class supper, the latter to be held the 14th of February.

There was a meeting of the alumni of Middlebury College at the parlors of the Nicollet House, Minneapolis, Minn., Monday evening, Jan. 20, to organize a Middlebury College Alumni association for the Northwestern States. Officers were elected as follows: President, Albee Smith of Minneapolis; vice-president, Dr. H. S. Baker of St. Paul; secretary, Hazen M. Parker of Minneapolis; executive committee, Rev. C. B. Moody of North Minneapolis; Dean Loren H. Batchelder of Hamline, Dean C. W. Hall of Minneapolis. The executive committee have under consideration arrangements for a reunion.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

The annual conference of College Y. M. C. A Presidents and Secretaries for the East will be held at Union College, Schenectady, in the early part of April. The exact date will soon be decided.

Those few who were present at the address in chapel last term by Mr. Beaver of the International Committee of Y. M. C. A., need only a word to remind them of the spirit that was present and the enthusiasm with which the speaker brought out the relation of the great Y. M. C. A. movement in this country to that in the old world. The educational institutions of Europe and Asia look to us as a child to a parent for aid. The truth of this statement is seen in the call for John R. Mott, our great Y. M. C. A. organizer, to go over and help them. He is there, and while he is gone no American would be willing that the aggressive Christian work should slacken here.

In order to make progress, or even hold our own, it is necessary that there be growth in Christian experience among college men. To this end Vermont and her educational institutions should count themselves fortunate in that through the active efforts of Secretary Olandt we are to have the aid of that thorough Christian worker and able college evangelist, Mr S. M. Sayford. Wherever he has been college men are loud in his praise. The association with such a man is a blessing to any Christian.

Negotiations have been made to have Mr. Sayford at Middlebury College in February for a few days. How anxious are you to have such a man come? How much will every student sacrifice to attend a few meetings which will be of eternal value to every one? Plan for that visit. Talk about it. Pray for a wonderful blessing. Have faith. Attend the meetings when he comes.

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

At a meeting of the Athletic association Jan. 11., the base ball prospects were discussed and a committee of three elected to report at some future meeting as to the feasibility of giving a play for the benefit of the Athletic association.

At a meeting Jan. 18, this committee, Lamson, Williamson and Fitzpatrick, '96, made its report and it was voted that a committee of five, made up of the president, and one member from each class, should be elected to arrange for and conduct a play, to be given by the college students, for the benefit of the association. Lamson, '96, Russell, '97, Peck, '98 and Corbin, '99, were elected to this committee.

It was stated that the remnant of last year's base ball team had chosen Parkhurst, '97, to act as captain the coming season, and his election was confirmed by the association.

At a meeting of the association Jan. 21, Parkhurst resigned his position as captain, and it was voted that Prof. Bryant should select eleven players as the team, who should elect a captain at least a week before any games are played. The captain shall then have the usual authority of a captain, and may place and play the men as he sees fit.

GIFTS TO THE LIBRARY.

Edwin D. Howe of Valatic, New York, class of '87, has presented to the College library the following volumes, of which he is a joint compiler and annotator: Laws of the State of New York, Relating to Villages; New York Criminal Justice and Penal Code; New York Excise and Hotel Laws; New York Justice's Manual of Civil Practice.

Fifteen bound volumes of magazines have been presented by Dr. C. E. Prentiss of Middlebury, class of '64. They include six volumes of the Atlantic Monthly, seven of the North American Review, one Harper's, and one Century.

ALPHA CHI RECEPTIONS.

The members of the Alpha Chi fraternity gave a reception in their rooms Jan. 18, to the Delta Upsilon fraternity.

They also gave a reception to the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity Feb. 1.

The Senior class of the law school of the University of Missouri at Columbia, appointed a committee early in December to invite Col. Robert Ingersoll to deliver an address in commencement week. The faculty of the university, however, looked with such decided disfavor upon the plan that it seems to have fallen through. Col. Ingersoll's reputation as a lawyer is so overshadowed by his fame as a belligerent heretic that a desire to have him speak on any academic occasion would be sure to be held to imply some degree of sympathy with his irreligious sentiments.

The Freshman class at Union College took measures before the holidays to introduce the honor system in examinations. The faculty is warmly in favor of their doing so, and if the Freshmen will agree not to cheat, the examiners are ready to engage not to watch them. The plan is that the class shall appoint a committee to take action in any case of dishonesty that may transpire. The upper classes in the college appear to approve of the enterprise of the Freshmen, and are not unlikely to follow their example.

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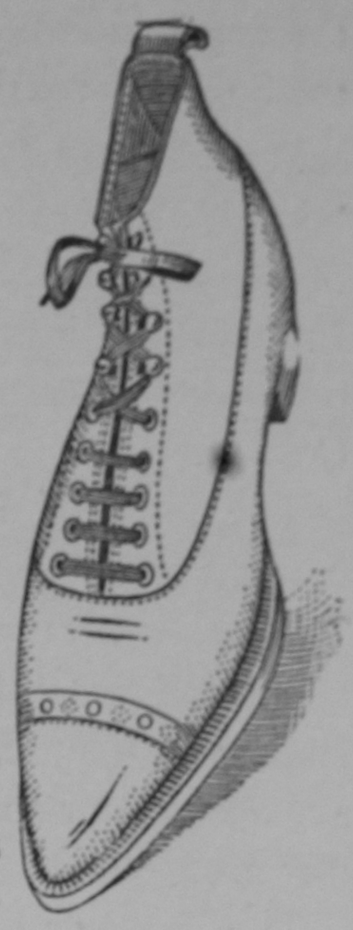

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